

Eng. Poetical 58.
LONDON and BRISTOL

By **COMPAR'D.** *Subscription*

No-290

A SATIRE:

Written in NEWGATE, Bristol,

BY THE LATE

RICHARD SAVAGE, Esq; *K*



L O N D O N:

Printed for M. COOPER in *Pater-noster-Row.* 1744.

[Price Six-pence.]

LONDON AND BRISTOL

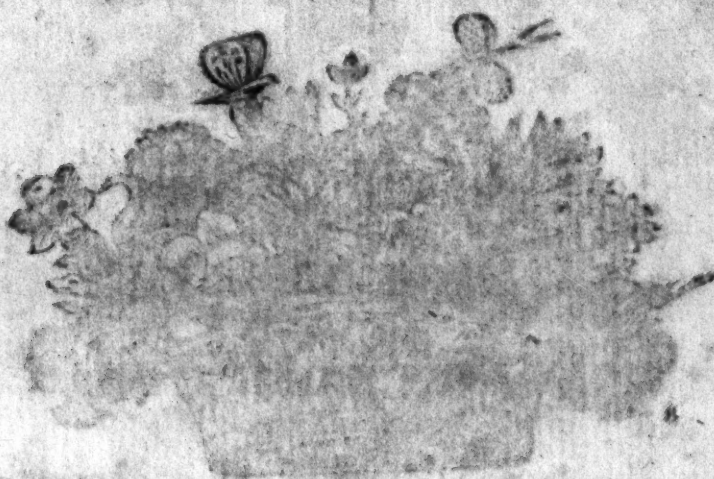
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A SATIRE.



WO Sea-port Cities mark *Britannia's* Fame,
They from Commerce different Honours claim.

What different Honours shall the Muses pay,
While one inspires, and one untunes the Lay?

Now silver *Isis* bright'ning flows along,
Echoing from *Oxford's* Shore each classick Song ;
Then weds with *Tame*, and these, O *London*, see
Swelling with naval Pride, the Pride of Thee!
Wide, deep, unfully'd *Thames* meand'ring glides,
And bears thy Wealth on mild majestic Tides.
Thy Ships, with gilded Palaces that vie
In glitt'ring Pomp, strike wond'ring *China's* Eye ;

B

And

And thence returning bear, in splendid State,
 To *Britain's* Merchants *India's* eastern Freight.
India, her Treasures from her western Shores,
 Due at thy Feet, a willing Tribute pours ;
 Thy warring Navies distant Nations awe,
 And bid the World obey thy righteous Law.
 Thus shine thy manly Sons of lib'ral Mind,
 Thy 'Change deep-busied, yet as Courts refin'd ;
 Councils, like Senates, that enforce Debate
 With fluent Eloquence, and Reason's weight ;
 Whose Patriot Virtue, lawless Pow'r controuls ;
 Their *British* emulating *Roman* Souls.
 Of these the Worthiest still selected stand ;
 Still lead the Senate, and still save the Land :
 Social, not Selfish, here, O *Learning* ! trace
 Thy Friends, the Lovers of all Human Race !

In a dark Bottom funk, O *Bristol* ! now,
 With native Malice, lift thy low'ring Brow !
 Then as some Hell-born Sprite, in mortal Guise,
 The Shape of Goodness borrows, and belies,
 All fair, all smug, to yon proud Hall invite,
 To feast all Strangers, ape an Air polite !

From

From *Cambria* drain'd, or *England's* western Coast,
 Not elegant, yet costly Banquets boast !
 Revere, or seem the Stranger to revere ;
 Praise, fawn, profess, be all Things but sincere.
 Infidious now, our bosom Secret steal,
 And then with fly sarcastic Sneer reveal.
 Present, we meet thy sneaking treach'rous Smiles ;
 The harmless absent still thy Sneer reviles ;
 Such as in thee all Parts superior find ;
 The Sneer that marks the Fool and Knave combin'd.
 When melting Pity wou'd afford Relief,
 The ruthless Sneer, that Insult adds to Grief.
 What Friendship can'st thou boast ? what Honours claim ?
 To thee each Stranger owes an injur'd Name.
 What Smiles thy Sons must in their Foes excite ?
 Thy Sons, to whom all Discord is Delight ;
 From whom eternal mutual Railing flows ;
 Who, in each others Crimes, their own expose ;
 Thy Sons, tho' crafty, deaf to Wisdom's Call ;
 Despising all Men, and despis'd by all ;
 Sons, while thy Clifts a ditch-like River laves,
 Rude as thy Rocks, and muddy as thy Waves ;
 Of Thoughts as narrow as of Words immense ;
 As full of Turbulence as void of Sense :

Thee,

Thee, Thee what Senatorial Souls adorn?
 Thy Natives sure wou'd prove a Senate's Scorn.
 Do Strangers deign to serve thee? what their Praise?
 Their gen'rous Services thy Murmurs raise.
 What Fiend malign, that o'er thy Air presides,
 Around from Breast to Breast inherent glides,
 And, as he glides, there scatters in a Trice
 The lurking Seeds of ev'ry rank Device?
 Let foreign Youths to thy Indentures run!
 Each, each will prove, thy true-adopted Son,
 Proud, pert and dull-- tho' brilliant once from Schools,
 Will scorn all Learning's, as all Virtue's Rules;
 And, tho' by Nature friendly, honest, brave,
 Turn a sly, selfish, simp'ring, sharpening Knave.

Boast petty Courts, where 'stead of fluent Ease,
 Of cited Precedents and learned Pleas:
 'Stead of sage Council in the dubious Cause,
 Attorneys chatter, and burlesque the Laws.
 So shameless Quacks, who *Galen's* Art invade,
 Of Jargon and of Poison form a Trade.
 So canting Cobblers, while from Tubs they teach,
 Buffoon the Gospel they pretend to preach.

Boast

Boast petty Courts, whose Quirks new Rigour draw ;
 Unknown to Nature's and to Statute Law ;
 Quirks that explain all saving Rights away,
 To give th' Attorney and the Catchpole Prey.
 Is there where Law too rig'rous may descend ?
 Does Charity her kindly Hand extend ?
 Thy Chests that shut when Pity wou'd redress,
 Spontaneous open to inflict Distress.
 Try Misdemeanours !--- All thy Wiles employ,
 Not to chastise th' Offender, but destroy ;
 Bid the large lawless Fine his Fate foretell ;
 Bid it beyond his Crime and Fortune swell,
 Cut off from Service due to kindred Blood,
 To private Welfare and to publick Good.
 Pitied by all, but thee, he sentenc'd lies ;
 Imprison'd languishes, imprison'd dies.

Boast swarming Vessels, whose Plebeian State
 Owes not to Merchants, but Mechanicks Freight.
 Boast nought but peddling Fleets---in War's Alarms
 Unknown to Glory, as unknown to Arms.
 Boast thy base *Tolsey* and thy turn-spit Dogs ;
 Thy Holliers Horses, and thy human Hogs :

Upstarts

Upstarts and Muckworms, proud, relentless Hearts
 Thou Blank of Sciences! thou Dearth of Arts!
 Such Foes as Learning once was doom'd to see,
Huns, Goths and Vandals, were but Types of thee.

Proceed, great *Bristol*, in all-righteous Ways,
 And let one Justice heighten yet thy Praise.
 Still spare the Catamite, and swinge the Whore,
 And be whate'er *Gomorrab* was before.

R. SAVAGE.

F I N I S

